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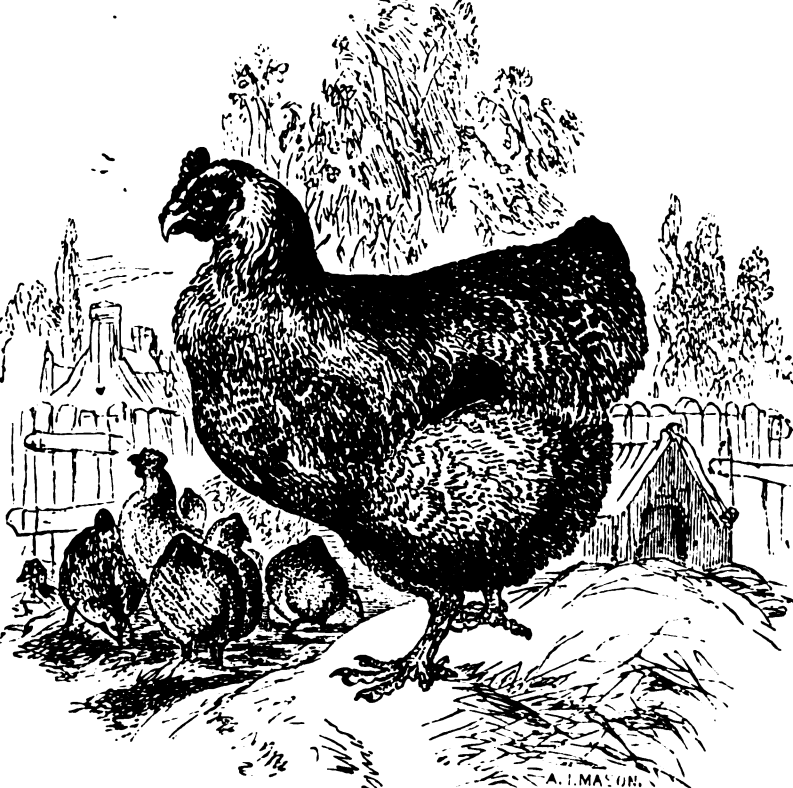
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*Books for young readers.
Tot and the cat*

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FOR
YOUNG READERS.

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THE BLACK HEN'S NEST. TOM AND TED;
OR, THE THREE COLTS.
MRS. BEE.

By L. AND M. WINTLE.

*BEGINNING WITH WORDS OF TWO AND
THREE LETTERS.*

With Illustrations.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS,
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1884.

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NOTE.—The following stories have been written especially for children who are only commencing to read. The book may be begun whilst a child is still using the Primer; it will be found to increase slightly in difficulty towards the end. In the later tales words that present any peculiarity of spelling or sound are placed together at the beginning. Children must not be expected to read these at once: the teacher must help them with all such words, or may make of them a separate lesson in spelling. It may be added, that the habits of the bees as represented in the last story are strictly in accordance with the facts of Natural History.

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TOT AND THE CAT.

(Words of *two* and *three* letters only.)

PART I.

A FAT cat lay on a rug.

Tot, the dog, ran in.

Tot. Get off my rug, you
fat cat!

Cat. It is my rug. I lie on it.

Tot. It is my rug. I say no cat may lie on it.

Cat. You can say so, but do not get on to it, or you may see my paw in one eye.

Tot. You bad cat! Go off, and get out.

Tot ran at the cat.

The cat got up; she put out her paw, and hit Tot on his ear.

Tot did cry so. His ear was all red.

Sam ran in; he saw Tot had

had a bad hit. He put the cat out, and she got wet.

He put Tot out too, but Tot had a hut to sit in. Sam put rags on his ear. Tot had to be in the hut all day.

PART II.

Tot met the cat. She was sad and ill. It was bad for her to get wet.

Tot. How do you do?

Cat. How do you do, Tot?

Tot. My ear is bad; you hit it.

Cat. I was put out in the wet. I am ill too.

Tot. Why did you hit me?

Cat. Why did you lie on my rug?

Tot. I am to go in and lie on the rug. Sam did say so. You may not go in. So you see now, it is my rug. But I will let you go and lie in my hut, you old, fat cat!

Tot saw his way in; he ran in. But Nan saw him run, and she did say, 'Oh, Tot! Sam may let you in, but I will put you

out. A dog who may get in a pet can not be on the rug.

‘And you are all mud; a bit of rag is on the ear my cat hit; you are not fit for me to see. Go off to the hut.’

So Tot and the cat ran to the hut, for it was a wet day. The cat lay on a log. She was too ill to get in a pet.

Nan did not let Tot in, he had to be by the cat. He did not get in a pet, for he saw the cat was ill.

PART III.

Tot ran to Sam to beg him to go to the cat.

Sam let the cat lap her hot tea and eat a bit of bun, as she was ill.

Nan saw Tot was not in a pet. She let Tot and the cat go in.

The two lay on the rug. Tot did not fly at the cat, nor did the cat hit Tot.

But if the cat did go out, Tot did say, 'It is my rug.' If she was by he did not say so.



A BIT OF CAKE.

(In words of *three* and *four* letters.)

I.—BEN AND SNAP.

BEN is a big boy, and he is a good boy. We all like Ben.

He can run and play, and he will do as he is bid.

Ben has a dog Snap.

Snap is a fat dog, and he is an old dog.

Ben is fond of Snap, but he is not a nice dog: he will run off with all the food he can find.

He will take the food off and dig a hole and hide it.

I wish Snap was good.

II.—LAME WILL.

BEN had a new top; it was a tin top. It made a hum as it span.

One day Ben saw Will, the lame boy, sit and cry; so he took his top to show him.

Will said, 'It is good of you to let me see the top. I am so dull. I can not run. I can not skip. I sit and cry.'

Ben. It is sad that you can not run. But why do you cry? that can do no good.

Will. I am sad. I have no fun.

Ben. Well, do not cry. I will let you have my top, if you can spin it.

Will. Will you let me have it for my own?

Ben. Yes.

Will. You are a good, kind Ben; and I will cry no more.

III.—A RACE.

So Will had the new tin top, and he span it all day long.

A boy said to Ben, 'Why did you let Will have the top?'

Ben. He is lame; he has no fun.

Boy. Yes, he is lame; but

he is a bad boy. He told a lie last week. Why did you not let me have the top? I do not tell lies.

Ben. If we are kind to Will he may be good; and I hope he will try and tell no more lies.

Boy. Yes, I hope so; but I do not like him at all.

Ben. Do not say that. Come and run a race with me.

The two boys ran a race to a gate.

Ben got to the gate just as Ann Rye came out at it.

‘Oh, Ben!’ she said, ‘you are the boy I want. Take my eggs to the farm for me. Do not let them fall; and then I will give you a bit of cake.’

Ben. Yes, Ann; I will take them.

IV.—THE LOST CAKE.

BEN took the eggs for Ann.

He did not let them fall; they were all safe when he got to the farm. He gave them in

at the door. Then he ran off to Ann for his bit of cake.

She gave it to him. It was a big bit.

Did Ben eat it all up?

No; good Ben did not do so. He took it home. He put it on a dish, and went out; but he did not shut the door.

Ben ran off to look for Will, but he did not find him.

He was not on the hill, nor by the farm, nor in the wood.

When Ben came back he met some boys.

‘Have you seen Will?’ he said.

‘Yes; we saw him go in at your door just now.’

So Ben went home, and some of the boys went with him.

Will was in the room; he held the dish in his hand, but all the cake was gone.

V.—WAS IT A LIE?

Ben. What have you done with my cake?

Will. I did not see the cake.

Ben. Why did you take up the dish?

Will. To look at it.

Ben. Did you not eat the cake that was on it?

Will. No, I did not.

‘Oh, yes!’ said a boy; ‘that is so! To be sure, you took up the dish to look at it. But tell me, how did the cake go if you did not eat it? Did it run off? or fly up in the air?’

Will. I did not see the cake, I tell you.

Boy. You told a lie last

week, Will, and I am sure you took the cake just now.

Will. I did not take it. I can not tell a lie to Ben, who was so good to me, and gave me his tin top.

Boy. You ate up his cake, you bad boy! I will tell all at your home. I will ask them to give you no tea.

Will. I wish I had not told a lie last week; for now I see you pay no heed to me.

Then Will sat on a log and did cry.

VI.—BAD SNAP.

BUT Ben told Will not to cry, but to be good, and tell no more lies. Then Ben went out to dig.

What did Ben see when he went out to dig? He saw his dog, Snap, with the bit of cake: he had gone off to hide it.

Ben ran as fast as fast can be back to Will, and said, ‘Oh, Will! I see now that you did not tell a lie. Snap took the cake. It was too bad of us to

say it was you. What can I do? I made you cry.

Will was glad to hear this. He said, 'Say no more. I do not mind. I will try not to tell lies, and then you will mind what I say.'

Ben. 'Yes, Will; and we will love you. Let us go and tell the boy who was here just now.'

THE JAY.

(Mostly in words of *three* and *four* letters.)

A JAY sat on a tree, and said to a Crow who flew past, 'How do you do, Crow? Do stay and have a chat. I am so dull.'

'Caw! caw!' said the Crow. 'I will not chat with you, Jay. You suck our eggs, and we all hate you.'

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ said the Jay. ‘And if I do suck your eggs you can lay some more, can you not? I am sure you may be glad to have a chat with such a fine bird as I am. Your wings and back and side are all dark; but I am grey and blue, like the sky!’

‘Oh! you are a fine bird, but you are a bad bird!’ said the Crow. ‘Do not we all hate him?’ he said to a Rook who came by.

‘Yes, that we do; and men

and boys hate him too,' said the Rook. 'My wings and back are dark, but I am glad I am a dull, dark bird like the Crow, for he does no one harm. He does not suck birds' eggs as you find jays do!'

'Some day a man will come with a gun, and will kill you. A jay was shot in the wood last year, and I saw his wing in a girl's hat,' said the Crow.

'Well, no one will put your dull, dark wing in a hat,' said the Jay.

‘No one will want to kill me, for I am not bad like you. I do not do harm,’ said the Crow.

‘Well, go home to your nests, both of you, and lay me some more eggs to suck,’ said the bad Jay.

‘I have made a new nest, and I mean to take good care you do not find it out,’ said the Crow.

‘Oh! so you have made a new nest, have you? Well, come back when you have got a lot of

eggs, and show me the way to it!’

‘I will not show you the way to it, you bad bird!’ said the Crow.

Just then there came a bang! bang! and the Jay fell down dead on the grass at the foot of the tree.

A man had come with his gun, as the Crow had said, and had shot the Jay.

The Crow and the Rook went home and told the rest of the birds that the Jay was dead.

None of the birds shed a tear for him, for they were all glad he was dead.

‘Now our eggs will be safe,’ they said.

One day, as the Crow flew down the lane near his nest, he saw a girl with a new wing in her hat; it was the wing of the Jay!

THE BLACK HEN'S NEST.

I.—A LOST EGG.

white field high right fault

THE poor black hen stood on one leg, and said, 'Cluck,' in a sad tone; her nice white egg was gone, and she did not know where to look for it.

'Why are you so sad?' said an old grey hen with a tuft on her head.

Black Hen. I have lost my egg; do you know where it is?

Grey Hen. Yes; I saw Jane, the maid who feeds us, take it out of the box. If you want to keep your eggs, you must make your nest in some safe place where no one will find it.

Black Hen. I know of a safe place. On the far side of the field there is a barn full of straw, just the place for a nest. I shall go there.

Grey Hen. Do not do so, my dear; there are rats in that barn, let me tell you. If you

lost your eggs through them it would be a bad job.

2+ *Black Hen.* Well, I must find some place in the field where the grass grows high. I should be all right there.

Grey Hen. Not so fast; not so fast, my good friend. Soon the men will come to cut down your tall grass, and make hay of it. Then your nest would be found.

Black Hen. What shall I do? Tell me where to go, since you find fault with all I say.

Grey Hen. Don't be cross, we will find out the right place for you. Let me see. You are as black as a coal.

Black Hen. It is rude of you to say that.

Grey Hen. I do not want to be rude; do you not see that I must find a place black, like you? Come now, I will show you.

II.—THE SAFE PLACE.

THE old grey hen led the way to the back-yard. The big dog,

Bounce, lived there, but he did not run at the hens; he was a good dog, who took care of the house at night.

The grey hen said, 'How do you do?' to Bounce, and then went into a shed next to the wash-house. 'See,' she said, 'here is a safe place for you.'

Now this shed was full of coal, and when the black hen saw that, she did not like it. She gave her head a toss up and said, 'I do not wish my chicks to live in the coal-hole.'

‘Do not mind that,’ said the grey hen. ‘Keep your eggs safe, and do not be proud. The man has cut logs here, and there are some chips by that big lump of coal; that is the place for you. Now the cold days are gone, the maids do not use much coal, and they take it from the far end of the shed, so you will not be seen here. Good day.’

The black hen said, ‘Thank you;’ but she did not at all wish to live in the coal-hole,

she was too proud. When the grey hen was gone, she went to the wash-house. 'I like this best,' she said; 'I will live here.'

So she made her nest in the wash-house, and she thought it a wise plan; for her eggs were safe there for five days.

'Cluck,' she said; 'I know best.'

But the next day her eggs were gone. Jane had come by and had seen them.

III.—THE BEST PLAN.

should could would caught

So once more our poor hen was sad, and stood on one leg.

Bounce, as he lay in the sun, saw how dull she was.

‘The best plan for you will be to make a nest in the coal-hole,’ said the good old dog.

‘Oh, dear, I wish I had not been so proud!’ said the hen.

‘Poor thing!’ said Bounce; ‘but I hope all will go well next

time. Jane will not look for eggs in the coal-shed.'

Now the black hen thought it would do no good to be sad and dull, and she would try not to be proud. She said this to Bounce, and he told her she was wise.

She did not mind the coal-hole now, and made her nest on the chips.

When she had nine eggs, she began to sit on them.

She had to sit on them for three weeks; that was a long time for the poor hen.

Once a day she ran off to get some food, but she did not dare to stop long, for fear her eggs should grow cold.

One day when she came back, she found a bad rat had been to her nest while she was gone. It had tried to suck her eggs; but Bounce had seen it, and when she came home the rat was dead.

She was so glad that Bounce had been there to save her eggs; and she said, 'Thank you!' as well as she could.

The next day, when she ran off to eat her food, she could not wait long; she was in such fear lest a rat should come once more.

Bounce told her he would take care; but still her heart went bump, bump, with dread, till she got safe back.

IV.—THE SIX CHICKS.

voice friend

WHEN three weeks were gone, the chicks went tap, tap, with their wee bills in the shells.

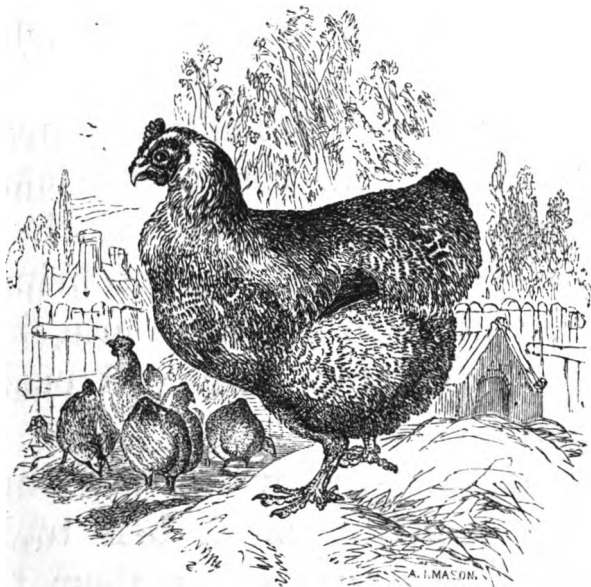
The black hen gave the shells some hard pecks to help the chicks to come out.

One, two, three, four, five, six; there they were, safe and sound.

The last three eggs did not come out, but that did not vex the black hen much, since she had six fine chicks to take care of.

Two were white, as white as could be; two were grey; and two were black.

‘Cluck! cluck!’ said the hen, in a voice full of glee.



'CLUCK! CLUCK!' SAID THE HEN, IN A VOICE FULL OF GLEE.

Her old friend came to see her. 'What fine chicks you have!' she said. 'I am so glad to see them all look well and strong! Mind you do not take them into the wet grass, or they will get ill; and do not bring them down to the hen-house, for I fear the cross hens will peck them.'

By-and-by, when the sun grew hot, the black hen took her chicks out to show them to Bounce; and Jane came out at the back door and saw them.

‘Well, to be sure!’ cried Jane. ‘Just come here, Ann, and look at the black hen; she has six fine chicks! Where can she have made her nest?’

Ann came out to look at the chicks. ‘They are grand chicks!’ she said; and she got some oat-meal for them to eat.

The black hen said, ‘Cluck!’ and the chicks ate the oat-meal; and then they had a nice sleep under the hen’s wings.

V.—A NEW FRIEND.

young know heart

THE black hen was proud of her chicks. Each day she thought more and more of them. They were the best chicks in all the land, she said.

At night-time she kept them in the shed; but in the day-time she let them walk and run in the yard, which was a nice dry yard.

It is bad for chicks to get their feet wet, just as bad as it

is for boys and girls; but these chicks were kept for a time in the yard, so their feet did not get wet.

One day a young hen came up to the yard.

‘Why, what fine chicks you have!’ she said. ‘You should take them down to the hen-yard for all the hens to look at.’

‘The old grey hen told me they would get a peck or two if I took them there,’ said the black hen.

‘The old grey hen is an old

grey goose,' said the young hen. 'Who would peck fine chicks like these, I should like to know? If they were mine they should not be shut up in a back-yard, with no one but an old dog to see them.'

'It is best to be on the safe side,' said the black hen, with a wise shake of her head; 'and Bounce has been good to me. Do not be rude to him, I beg of you.'

But the next day the black hen thought that it was hard

not to show off her chicks while they were young, and like soft balls of down. 'I am sure no one can have so hard a heart as to peck such sweet things as these,' she said.

Take care, black hen ; think of the eggs which you lost in the wash-house.

VI.—OFF TO THE HEN-YARD.

world fight

'My dears, let me see that you are neat,' said the hen to her

chicks. 'Mind that your down is smooth, and that you look nice and trim. That will do. Now we will start. Hold your heads up.'

Off they went with a run. 'Not so fast,' said the hen; 'that will not do. If I take you to see the world you must walk at a slow pace, not dash on like that.'

They went down to the hen-house, and the hen stood in front of it, while all the chicks came round her, and said, 'Peep, peep!'

All the hens in the yard came in a crowd to look at the new chicks. One fat brown hen was cross.

‘What have we here?’ she said. ‘Chicks? I hate chicks; they get in the way, and eat up all the food. Look at these. Peep, peep! How they make my head ache! I will not stand this.’ So she gave one poor little thing a hard peck.

The black hen flew at her, and gave her great blows on the head, and beat her with her

wings. The brown hen had to run for her life. While this fight went on, the poor chicks did not know what to do.

They ran here and there, and said, 'Peep, peep!' as loud as they could; but that was no use, and did not help the poor chick who had had the peck; it gave one cry, and fell to the ground as if dead.

VII.—THE LAME CHICKS.

spied. walk thought worst

WHEN the fight was done, the hen gave a look round to find her chicks.

Not one was to be seen.

At last she spied the one on the ground; she thought it was dead. She stood by the poor thing and cried as loud as she could:

‘Come back to me, my chicks!
my dear, sweet chicks! What

shall I do? one is dead, and all the rest are lost!’

Just then, the one on the ground gave a kick. ‘I am not dead,’ he said; ‘and I hope I may get up soon; but my back hurts me so.’

By-and-by the rest came; they had been in the long grass, and were all wet.

When the one which was hurt could stand and walk once more, the hen took them back to the coal-shed. They were not smart chicks now, but had

mud on their down, and looked as if they came out of a pigsty.

‘My leg hurts me,’ said one.

‘So does mine,’ said the rest, all in one voice.

‘Oh, dear!’ said the hen, ‘are you all ill? This will be a bad job. I will not be proud any more, I am sure. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what is to be done?’

When they got to the shed, Ann saw them.

‘Well, this is a sad sight,’ she cried; ‘these fine chicks

have got the cramp, and all are as lame as can be.'

She took them from the hen, who did not know what to do, poor thing! She thought this was the worst of all.

VIII.—THE END.

ought cheer though queen

ANN was a kind girl, and the chicks were quite safe with her; she put them in a box with warm wool round them, and set this box near the fire.

She gave them nice food to eat, too.

Soon the chicks grew well; their legs did not give them much pain, and they went fast a-sleep.

But the poor hen did not know all this; she was in the yard, and could not see her chicks.

The young hen came up to ask how they were.

She told the black hen she ought not to have let Ann take them. 'When I have chicks, I

will take care of them,' she said; 'and not let maids walk off with them.'

When she was gone, Bounce said some kind words to the poor hen, but he could not cheer her a bit. All night long she stood in the coal-shed, she could not sleep much.

When the sun rose she went to the back-door, and stood there till Ann saw her.

'Why, black hen, you need not mope so; here are your chicks, once more, safe and

sound!' and with these words, she held out the box with the chicks, all right and warm.

There was no need to tell the hen not to take her chicks to the hen-yard; she knew that now, and kept them safe till they were quite grown.

When at last they did go down, all the hens thought a great deal of them.

Some said, 'Still, you know, fine though they are, they came out of a coal-hole.'

'Yes,' said the cock, 'and

they ought to be thought well of all the same; few chicks are as strong as these, or as well bred. I think they should have a prize.'

'I think it should be a lump of coal, then,' said a pert young hen; but no one heard her, as she spoke low, for fear of a peck.

But the black hen was as gay as a queen; if her chicks were the best in the yard, she did not think that the coal-hole had done them much harm.



TOM AND TED; OR, THE THREE COLTS.

I.—TOM AND TED.

fa-ther

bro-ther

would

mo-ther

school

thought

‘MAKE haste, Ted! it is time to
drive the colts in!’ cried Tom

Smith to his brother as he ran out of the house with a big stick in his hand.

Ted was at play with Jane ; but he left her when Tom ran off, for, though Ted was but eight years old, he thought he was quite a man, and went with his big brother to drive in the colts at the farm.

Tom and Ted had no father, so their mother went out to work, and the boys did all they could to help her.

Tom had not yet left school,

but he got six-pence a-week for his job at the farm.

Ted was too small to work, but he was a good boy, and did his best at school, so that he might soon pass out and go to work.

All boys can help their fathers and mothers in this way. I wish they would try and do so.

II.—THE COLTS.

horses field night should

THERE were three colts at the farm. Two were brown, and

one was grey. Tom and Ted were fond of them, and so would you have been, they were so full of fun.

By-and-by they will grow in-to big horses, and will draw the farm carts. They will not have much time for play then ; but they are young things still, and they have lots of fun all day.

‘Gee-up ! yo-ho !’ cry Tom and Ted as they come in-to the field where the colts are.

‘Oh, dear !’ said one of the

brown colts, 'here come those boys to drive us in! Why can they not let us stay out here? I am sure I should be glad to pass the night in the field. I hate that hot, close place where we are shut up all night.'

'Well,' said the grey colt, 'I for one am glad they have come; for I know they will take us to the pond, and I want a drink. I think, too, that you would be cold if you were out all night.'

III.—THE POND.

through
splash

quack
edge

could
knew

‘GEE up ! gee up !’ cried Tom as he drove the colts out of the field.

They knew the way to the pond quite well, and they had a race to see who could get there first.

Off they went, down the lane, through the yard, and, splash ! splash ! in-to the nice, big pond.

‘Quack ! quack !’ said a duck

in the pond; 'if you come in I shall go out!'

And she swam to the edge of the pond, and, with a cross quack, went home to bed.

There was room for her and the colts in the pond; but, as she could not have it all to herself, she would not stay there.

I think the colts were well rid of her, for cross ducks, like cross boys and girls, are not at all nice things to be with.

The boys soon drove the colts out of the pond, and shut them

up for the night. Then they ran home, for their mother did not like them to be out in the dusk.

IV.—THE SILLY BROWN COLT.

sil-ly though ache

WHEN they were shut up for the night the colt who had said he should like to stay out in the field thought to him-self, 'I will get out if I can. Let me see how it is those boys lock the door!'

He put his head out at a

hole in the door, and, to his great joy, he saw a round thing which kept the door shut. It was the lock.

‘Oh, if I could but bite that thing off!’ thought he, ‘I might get out and go back to the field.’

So he set to work to try, but found he could not do it.

Now the hole through which he had put his head was small; and, though it was not hard to get his head through, he found, to his cost, that it was hard to get it back: for as he had no

eyes at the back of his head, he could not see what to be at.

Oh, how his head and neck did ache ! How he did wish that he had gone to sleep at once like his two friends ! He could not sleep now, for he had hurt his neck, and was in great pain.

V.—TOM FINDS THE BROWN COLT HALF DEAD.

breath a-gain straight half threw
THE next day, when Tom and Ted came to the farm to drive

the colts out in-to the field, they found the brown colt with his head through the hole. He had a bad cut in his neck, and was faint and half dead.

‘Oh, dear!’ said Tom, ‘what shall I do? He looks as if he would die.’

‘Run and tell the man we saw at work in the lane,’ said Ted. And Tom went at once.

‘Oh! please, sir,’ said Tom, who was quite out of breath, he had run so fast, ‘one of the colts has got his neck through a hole

in the door, and he will die if you do not come and help him.'

'Dear me! that is a bad job!' said the man, as he threw down his spade and ran off to the farm.

'The poor thing is faint from loss of blood,' the man said when he had set the colt free; 'and I do not think his neck will get quite right a-gain.'

For a long time the colt was too weak and ill to go out in-to the field, and when he was well his neck was not quite straight.

VI.—THE SCHOOL TREAT.

treat lit-tle laugh

WEEKS went by, and the cold time of year came. The colts had to stay up in the yard all day, for the snow was on the ground, and there was no grass for them to eat. Tom fed them with hay and beans, and kept their stalls nice and clean.

One day, as the boys were on their way home from the farm, a friend of theirs, Joe Clark, ran up to them and said,

‘ Well, Tom, have you heard of the treat there is to be for the big school-boys ?’

‘ No,’ said Tom. ‘ Are we to have a treat ? How nice !’

‘ But are not the lit-tle boys to go to the treat ?’ said Ted.

‘ Oh ! you lit-tle boys do not care for treats !’ said Joe. ‘ You are too small to eat plum-cake.’

But there was a smile in Joe’s eye as he said this, and Ted saw he had said it to tease him.

‘ I am not too little to care

for treats,' said Ted; 'and I am sure I can eat as much plum-cake as you can, Joe!'

Joe said he would box Ted's ears; but Ted ran off with a laugh, and got safe home.

VII.—TED HURTS HIS FOOT,
AND CAN-NOT GO TO
THE TREAT.

warm walk know

I KNOW all little boys like to slide on the ice. It is great fun, and keeps them warm on a

cold day. But when a boy has got a bad cold it is not a good thing for him to be out late.

Ted had a cold, so his mother told him to come straight home from school. But on their way home some of the boys ran on to the ice, and Ted went too, and got a bad fall.

He hurt his foot, so he could not walk ; and two of the big boys had to help him home.

‘Oh, mother,’ said Ted when he got home, ‘I have been such a bad boy ! I went on the ice

when you told me not, and I have hurt my foot.'

His mother was sad when she heard this, and said, 'Well, my boy, if you had done as I bade you, you would not have hurt your foot. I must put you to bed, and you can-not now go to the school-treat.'

VIII.—TED HAS SOME PLUM-CAKE.

clothes fault piece please

THE school-treat took place the next day. Ted lay in bed and

saw Tom and Jane dress and go off. When they were gone Ted hid his face in the clothes and cried, he was so sad.

But Ted was not cross ; he knew that it was all his own fault that he could not go too, and he made up his mind to try and be a good boy, and do what his mother told him.

At last Tom and Jane came back and told Ted all they had done at the treat, and Joe ran in with a piece of plum-cake. ' Here's some cake for you, Ted,'

cried Joe. 'Miss Hart gave it me for you, and she says you are to get well as fast as you can.'

'Oh, how good of you to bring it me, Joe!' said Ted. 'Please thank Miss Hart, and tell her I hope to be well soon.'

Good Joe did not say that he had told Miss Hart how fond Ted was of plum-cake, and so had got a piece to bring back to the little boy.

IX.—THE COLTS GO TO WORK.

wheels learnt reins shafts fright

THE next year Tom left school, and went to work all day at the farm.

The time had now come for the colts to work too. You know they had not yet gone in a cart, nor had they had a man on their back in their lives.

The first to be put in a cart was the brown colt who had hurt his neck.

As soon as he was in the

shafts he set to work to kick ; but a thick strap kept him down so that he could not kick ve-ry high. He thought to him-self, 'I will not stay here to please them, I will run off to the field.' But the man who held the reins gave them a sharp jerk, and the colt had to stop.

He did not at all like the steel thing in his mouth ; he tried to bite it, but found he hurt his teeth.

Two men went to his head, and two more went to push the

wheels, and at last they got him to start. But the noise of the wheels put him in-to a great fright. He tried to kick once more; but, as he found it did no good, he gave it up.

Each colt in turn was put in the cart, and soon they learnt to go quite well, and got to be as fond of their work as Tom was of his.



MRS. BEE.

I.—GRUB-LIFE.

worth world comb hatched

Buz! I am a bee. I will tell
you the tale of my life. I am
sure you must want to hear it;

for lots of men write their lives, and the good folk read them.

A man has but two legs; I have six, so I must be worth at least three men, and the tale of my life must be three times as good as any tale that they can tell.

I have wings, too. Who can say he has seen a man fly? Men are poor things; I don't know why the world thinks so much of them.

Now I must start my tale, or we shall not get to the end.

I came into the world first as an egg.

I do not know much of what went on round me then ; but all bees start in life as eggs, so I must have done the same.

Well, then, I was an egg, laid in a cell in the wax comb. The bees kept me nice and warm for three days. Then I was hatched, and came out of my egg as a wee white grub. I had no wings, and did not care to do much.

The bees gave me lots of food

for five or six days; then they put a sort of seal of wax at the top of my cell, and left me shut in there.

I went to sleep. When I woke, I felt like the old dame in the tale who said, 'Am I me?' I did not know who I was. I had gone to sleep a fine fat grub; I woke up—a bee!

II.—BEE-LIFE.

thought should know could break
I HAD been three weeks in this world, and had never been out

of my wax cell. I had not thought of such a thing; but now that I had six legs I did so long to have more space to walk in.

How should you like to be kept in a long sack with a bit of wax at the top, my good friend? I think you would soon try and make your way out.

I know I set to work as hard as I could to break out of my cell.

I made a great hole in the top, and out I crept.

Oh, dear! what a noise there was in the hive! My cell had been so still that I did not like the noise at first. I thought I would go back; but it was too late.

The bees came to make the cell neat for a new egg, and I had to move.

The bees were kind to me, and gave me pats and licks with their trunks.

Bees have trunks to suck their food in with.

Men have no trunks, only

small mouths, poor things! yet they look down on bees. How strange that is!

III.—WORK-DAY LIFE.

would hon-ey while

ARE you fond of work? If you are not, you would not get on well in a bee-hive.

I soon found, when I was out of my cell, that there was no more time for me to waste.

‘Set to work! set to work!

there's lots to do !' said the bees as they ran by me.

'My legs are stiff,' I said.

'Run, then,' said the bee next me. 'Feed some grubs. Here is some hon-ey. Off with you ! I can not stay here an hour while you lift first one leg and then the next to it.'

'Cross things !' I thought. But I set to work, and soon ran as fast as the best of them.

I fed the odd, wee grubs in their cells.

'If you are good, and eat

your food when I give it you, you may grow up into as fine a bee as I am,' I said to each grub when I fed it.

But the grubs said not one word back: they are dull things to have to do with.

IV.—MY FIRST FLIGHT.

queen mother heard guard

Now the young bees fed the grubs, but the old bees flew out of the hive to get hon-ey.

Soon I thought I had done my part as a nurse. I did not care for grubs—not I. I thought I should like to see the world.

I had learnt all I could in the hive. I knew that we had a queen, who laid all the eggs, so she was our mother; but I did not see much of her, as I had my work to do.

I knew that young queens were brought up in great big cells, and had the best of food.

I knew that drones came out of large cells with round

tops, and work-ers, like me, came out of small ones.

Oh! I knew a great deal. I was a wise bee. Still I thought I should like to learn more.

One day, then, when the sun shone and the sky was blue, I saw a bee go to the door. Off I went, too.

Out she went; out I went.

Oh! you can not think how strange I felt! The hive is all dark, you know, and I had come out in the bright light. I ran up and down on the board by

the door, and said, 'Buz! Buz!'
I felt quite cross.

I thought I would sting the first thing I saw. There was a fly on the board, and I thought I would sting that, but it flew off.

I had been there a short time, when the bee who was on guard at the door came up and said, 'Now, if you please, in—or out; I can not let you stay here to block the way. Oh! I see, you are a young bee out for a first fly; spread your wings, and off with you.'

I felt like a boy who fears to jump into cold water for a dip, but I did not dare to stay, so off I flew.

V.—NEW SCENES.

board

ache

taught

I DID not fly far; I was too wise a bee for that. I stood to rest on a green leaf. I felt more cross than I had done when I was on the board. I said, 'Buz! Fiz!' I say 'Fiz!' when I am as cross as can be.

My wings did ache, and my poor eyes felt bad from the light; but soon the pain left me, I am glad to say. My eyes got right, and I could see all my friends as they flew past me.

One went by whom I knew well.

‘Where are you off to, Long-wings?’ I cried.

‘To get some honey,’ said she.

I thought I should like some honey, so I flew as fast as I could the same way.

Long-wings was kind to me,
and I found out how to suck in
the honey, how to brush up the
dust out of the flowers, and put
it in the bags in my legs.

Long-wings was good to me;
but soon I knew more than she
did. I am as wise a bee as you
may wish to meet!

VI.—THE SWARM.

brought known fault

I NEED not say that I flew out
each day that was fine, now that
D

I had once found my way past the door.

I went to get honey, and brought it back; then off I went for more.

‘Work hard. Waste no time.’ That is what we say in the beehive.

But one day, when it was hot, as hot as could be, we did no work, but hung in a bunch by the door.

‘Go to work!’ said the guard.

‘I shall not,’ said one bee.

‘All right; but you won’t get

much to eat, then,' said the guard.

'I shall not leave the hive, for the queen means to lead a swarm.'

'Oh! that is it, is it?' said the guard; and she went in at the door.

I did not ask what a swarm was; I thought I would wait and see. That is the best plan. I like the bees to think I know all that is to be known. If I ask them things, they think they know more than I do.

They are apt to be vain,
which is a sad fault.

But the queen did not come
out that day, so I could not
learn what I wished to know.

The next day we did not
work, but we ate a great deal of
honey. Then we came out of
doors, queen and all, and flew
up in the air with a glad hum.

VII.—A NEW HIVE.

white write build

UP! up in the air, round and
round! Oh, what a fly we had!

Then we all came down and hung in a bunch on a tree.

The queen was there safe; we took good care not to lose her.

We did not know where to go to next; but we should soon have found out if a great man had not come by with a dry pail in his hand. He gave the tree we were on a hard blow, and we all fell down in his pail. Why could he not have left us? But men are so dull.

We had had so much honey

that day that we did not feel cross and sting him.

He took us some way, then threw us all down on a white cloth in front of a box-hive made of wood. We ran as hard as we could to try and get safe in the hive. We all went in, and hung in a bunch once more.

Do you know how bees hang? They have hooks on their feet, and they hook on to each other and make a sort of net.

I write this, for I think all

sorts of things may read my tale — ducks and geese and chicks, owls and frogs too. How can they know that bees hook to each other if I do not tell them?

Well, we hung for a time in our new hive; then we made wax. This, you know, comes in wee bits on our skins. We pick it off, and make it up into combs.

We have to eat a great lot of honey when we wish to make wax.

It takes us a long time to

build the comb with all the cells in it.

Have you seen honey-comb? I am sure you must have, with all the cells with six sides. How would you like to be set to work to make a bit? I do not think you would get on fast, at least if you are not a bee.

VIII.—THE THIEF.

looked thief steal

THE first time I went out of the new hive I lost my way, and went back to the old one.

This did not vex me much. I did not want to lose my time in the nice warm days while I looked for a hive, which had no combs to speak of in it. I was glad to be back in my old home.

We soon had a new queen, and got on all right.

We had lots and lots of honey. Such a store!

Now I must tell you of a thing which I call—a great shame.

Just think! A man—a bad

thief of a man—came and took our honey.

What did he want with it, I should like to know? Why could he not make honey for himself? I hate folk who do not do things with their own hands, but come and steal from those near them.

This man put some smoke in our hive. I do not know how he got it; but I have seen men with smoke which grows out of their mouths, so I think they can make smoke when they please.

Well, this bad man put the smoke in our hive, and he went off with our honey; not before he had had a sting or two though, I must tell you.

IX.—THE END.

dead friends hon-ey queen
THOSE poor bees who stung the man are dead.

I shall soon die, too.

I can not think what the hive will do when I am dead. It is true that they may all read this

tale: that is sure to be good for them.

It is a sad thing that bees live so short a time.

Those born in the warm days do not live much more than two months; those born late in the year do not die so soon, but then they have no fun, you see. Poor things!

Our queen has a long life; she lives four or five years. I think it must be sad for her to see one set of bees die off, and then more and more as time

goes on. She is their mother, you know, so it must be hard to lose them, I should think; but she does not seem to care a great deal.

I will help these friends of mine to bring honey as long as I can; or else, queen and all will die in the cold winter days.

I will help to bring the honey, I say; but I shall not help to eat it. I shall be dead soon. Still it is kind to do it for the young bees who will live on. I am kind; not a

thief, like the man who took our honey.

Now I must end. When you eat honey think of me and the poor dead bees who had such hard work for your sake.

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